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LEONTINE ON TERNISSE'S DEATH.

(Specimen also departed.)

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I. Behold, behold me, whether thou
Art dwelling with the shades below
Or with the gods above;
With thee were even the gods more blest,
I wish I could but share thy rest.
As once I shared thy love.

II. 'Twas in this garden, where I lean
Against thy tombstone, once the scene
Of more than mortal bliss,
That loitered our Ternisse; pure
She left us that her love was true,
It gave not kiss for kiss.

III. Faint was the blush that overspread
Through bosom'd hair her dying head;
One name she uttered, one
She sighed and wept at, so wilt thou
If any sorrow reach thee now,
'Twas not Leontine.

IV. Wert thou on earth, thou wouldst not chide
The goal of tears that could not hide
Who ne'er hid ought from thee.
Willing thou wertest in the way
She went—and am I doomed to stay?
No! we seem meet, all three.

V. The flowers she cherish'd I will tend,
Nor gather, but allow them bend,
And think they breathe her breath.
Ah, happy flowers! ye little know
Your youthful nurse lies close below,
Close as in life, in death.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

"GETTING ON."

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT.

"The elements of worldly success are born with some people, and they cannot help getting on." So says a certain writer whose judgment and discrimination cannot be questioned, and so say a large number of individuals, who, deficient in these elements themselves, find a panacea for their mortification, in the conviction that it is their misfortune, not their fault, that the aphorism does not apply to them. It is a benevolent provision of Providence that these unfortunate, for whom the forerunner path of society finds no excuse, should be able to fall back upon this interior conviction, and thus preserve a certain kind of self-respect, while they are unable to parry or resent the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

In our family, from a remote ancestry, there existed a marked difference with regard to 'getting on.' My mother's side of the house were a thrifty, energetic, methodical people, strict disciplinarians, scrupulously exact in details, particularly in moneyed transactions, and singularly exempt from reverses. The tide of affairs, which, 'taken at the flood,' led on from one success to another, never seemed to ebb from the moment that the first venture was made, and their very mistakes sooner or later became a source of revenue.

The paternal branch was of an entirely opposite tendency, and it seemed as if a malign influence, like an ill wind, blighted every undertaking, even those projected under the fairest auspices. The only angry that did not fall was hope. Disappointment after disappointment could not extinguish this, and it kept from sinking one member after another, whom the weight of debt and pecuniary distress of some sort was forever dragging down, and threatening to submerge irretrievably.

The faculty of 'getting on' culminated in my mother, and the embarrassments of my father's business furnished ample opportunity for its exercise. Her keen insight could not fail to discern, that the brow of him she loved was often clouded, and she divined the cause to be no other than pecuniary difficulties. Here was not a nature to sit down patiently and bear reverses, but full of energy and activity, with a determined will to overcome them. By little and little, with womanly tact and management, she got the direction of many domestic details, and smoothing away numberless little objections which my father's pride and sensitiveness opposed to her endeavors, she found occasion to help along as well as save, and by her thrift and excellent management would have established the fortunes of the family, had not the demand of the most unscrupulous of all creditors summoned her to the discharge of that debt, which no prudent foresight or strength of will could avoid.

Had there not been a sincere and ardent love as a foundation for their union, the conjugal relation between two so opposite in character, as my father and mother, would have been anything but happy. It often came to pass that those most dissimilar in many strong points form the closest and tenderest union, and the mutual attraction that drew my parents together on their first acquaintance, last none of its power to the last. The individuality of each, though strongly marked, was tempered and controlled by a genuine religious sentiment, and the consciousness of energy in my mother, was not put forth in a manner opposed to true wisdom respect, while the acknowledged lack of it in my father never induced that assumption of supremacy, which manifests itself by petty tyranny, the stronghold of narrow and selfish minds.

He never recovered from the blow which deprived him of his life and heart companion. His genial smile, his ready joke, his almost boyish participation in the enjoyments of his children, all fled, and he sank powerless under the weight of sorrow. Physical infirmity was added to his latent mental depression, and morbid apprehension of impending misfortune haunted him continually. In vain we begged him not to fear for us,

assured him we had no fears for ourselves; but we were unable to dissipate his gloom. We could not induce him to relinquish his accustomed round of professional labor, and stay at home and be nursed. We did not know then, but some of us have learned since, that there is no discipline so severe, as that of sitting still and alone with grief and anxiety. Though we cannot run away from the 'foes of our own household,' yet when we are up and doing, a healing influence from life and action outside of ourselves, unconsciously lessens their baneful effect upon us. It was this relief my father sought, painfully conscious that there was no recuperative energy within to sustain him.

As we could do nothing directly to help him, we conferred with each other from time to time, in order to find some means of assisting him indirectly, as it were, and after much consultation, it was unanimously resolved, that our oldest sister Margaret should propose to him, opening a school in our own house, in which all of us might take a part, and in that way educate our youngest brother as well as support ourselves.

Alas! his mind was too morbid to see anything favorable in such a plan. It appeared to him a melancholy reflection upon his own incapacity, and excited him to many bitter self-reproaches, and such a stirring-up of old and painful memories, that we were only too glad to relinquish the idea.

Frustrated in our efforts to earn a livelihood, we bent all our thoughts upon various projects of saving, reducing our family expenses, giving up one and another luxury of the table, determined, since we knew our poor father could not be long with us, that we would spare him all needless mortification and suffering, and try to persuade him that we were happy.

And we were happy,—happy in the enjoyment of health, happy in our hopes of the future, happy in each other.

I do not think I should be believed if I were to tell the plain truth of our lives in those years. The whole truth would seem like exaggerated fiction; therefore I will tell only a small portion of it. We did contrive by various methods and great ingenuity to spread our table three times a-day, but we rose from many a meal hungry enough to have been easily tempted by the sight of more.

"I have managed to pay for a bit of butter," Margaret said one day, "and now the grand question is, shall we have a feast, and enjoy it all at once, or eke it out till we can get more?"

"Make the most of this goodness, and then go without," was the unanimous decision.

I think we were philosophers, both in our enjoyment and our self-denial; we made the very best of both extremes.

But I will not lengthen these details. Suffice it to say, we grew ever poorer and poorer. Clothes wore out, furniture grew shabby, bills came in, money was harder and harder to get, and our hearts were fast losing their youthful elasticity, when my father died, and the day long delayed—the day of toil, and struggle, and buffet with the world—began a new era in our lives.

And there we were, four of us, without money, without any relative near us, with no one to take a special interest in us; and what was more unfortunate than all the rest, none of us with the faculty of 'getting on.' Of this last want, however, we were happily unconscious. We believed ourselves possessed of capabilities which only required an appropriate sphere to be a source of independence. We had, like most young people, a foolish sensitiveness with regard to the opinions of others; and although we were self-sustained in theory, we felt all the awkwardness of poverty. The deeper sorrows we had passed through, had taught us how to distinguish the substance from the shadow of misfortune; and we tried to rise above the annoyances of our condition.

We were, as poor and proud people usually are, suspicious of neglect and coldness, and doubtless repelled the advances of some who wished to befriend us. But it seems to me that no one really bent upon doing a kindness will be easily repelled. When from a generous motive a person wishes to do a generous service, he can generally find out some method of doing it, that will not only prove acceptable, but leave no sting behind.

Our father's death left his affairs in the utmost confusion. He had made no will, for alas! he knew that everything belonged to his creditors,—even the house over our heads. Should we try and keep it? was the question. Margaret said 'Yes.' It was our home, our birthplace, dear to our hearts even from the associations it held.

"We must try and keep together," she said. "I know the house is mortgaged to Squire Brown; but he is rich, and cannot need the money, and we will try and pay off the mortgage. Our father befriended him when he was a poor young man, struggling in his profession, and he must be willing to assist us. I will take a school. I don't know much, but I can study and keep ahead of my pupils."

"I will go into a store," said Nat. "I meant—that is I always wanted to be a professional man; but now I am determined to make money."

"And I," said Amy, sadly.

"You shall help me, at home," said Margaret, drawing her close to her bosom.

"Till Mr. Everton asks for her to be mistress of his great house," said Nat. "Would you give her up then?"

Margaret did not answer my question. "Amy was father's darling," she said; "he knew that you and I, Jane, were able to make our own way in the world; but his voice trembled when he used to ask, 'What will become of our beauty, our pet?' as he called her. Amy, darling, I shall need you; I can't live alone!"

"And I will be good for something," said Amy; "I can do the family sewing."

"You don't ask what I can do," said I; "but you may as well know first as last, that I mean to go on the stage."

"On the stage!" exclaimed all at once; "but we know you are joking."

"I am not joking," I said, seriously; "I am in solemn earnest. I have thought of it for years, and on the stage I go. I shall never be satisfied till I have tried."

"Don't you remember," said Margaret, "when father's friend, M—, the actor, was here, he said—speaking of a young lady who had just made her debut—he would rather see his daughter in her coffin than on the stage?"

"Yes, I remember it," said I; "and I remember his saying too, that the finest, the purest, and the best women he had ever known, were in his profession."

But all actresses are not so fortunate as to become stars," said Margaret, "and you could not be satisfied as a second-rate artist."

"I know it, and I don't intend to be second-rate anything," said I. "However, as it must be some time before I can be ready to go upon the stage, and I possibly may marry, or change my mind, I'm best to worry."

"And what will you do in the meantime," asked my brother Nat.

"Write stories for Magazines," I replied.

"And publish them where?"

"Wherever they will pay," I answered.

"Jane must be the genius of the family," said Amy.

"It is the fate of genius to live in a garret or share outright."

"Then let me starve," I said, "for if I cannot live by my wit, I had better starve."

"Your wit is only budding yet," said Nat, "your genius has only just begun to sprout. How will you manage to keep it alive till it is ready to blossom?"

"I have a plan ready for all emergencies," said I.

"I think out these things after I go to bed. My wits are bright in the darkness for me. I can't teach, that is certain, for I don't know enough, and am not steady enough, besides having no patience. So I will tell you what I mean to do. I will go to New York, and hire myself out in some gentleman's family, as waiting-maid or seamstress, or something of that sort."

"You, a servant?" interrupted Nat.

"Hear me out," I continued impatiently. "Why not a servant for a time, and to accomplish an object. Of course I don't mean to be a servant all my life. When my day's work is done, I can study and write."

"And with Bridget the cook, and Patrick the coachman, I suppose," said Nat.

"It isn't a bad thing," said Amy. "I don't believe Jane is in earnest."

"You will see whether I am or not before long," I replied.

"If Uncle John should hear of it," suggested Margaret.

"If Uncle John don't like the situation I have chosen for myself, let him help me carry out my plan in a way that he does approve. For my part I don't think we need fear his troubling himself about us any way."

"If I thought you were in earnest," said Margaret, "I should remind you of our father's honest pride in being a gentleman. I am sure we ought to respect his memory enough, to do nothing that would cast reproach upon his name."

"From what I have seen of the world," said I, "there is no greater reproach to be cast upon a man, or woman, than the stigma of poverty. I have not lived many years, but I have seen one and another drop off, who used to be glad enough to sit down at our table, and share our father's hospitality. No one that he had ever loved, could hide away from him, with their miseries. His sympathy would find them out, and his generosity relieve them. I don't know how you feel, but for me I recall what he was, what he suffered, how he died, poor, neglected, and broken-hearted. I hate the world, and everything in it, and my feelings become as bitter as gall, and I say to myself, 'I won't care for the world, since I know it never will care for me. Miss Prim will say, 'Don't do this.' Miss Whim will say, 'Don't do that.' But I don't mean to care for Miss Whim or Miss Prim. I want to do my own way, and live my own life, or else I shall be good for nothing. I wish I could begin to-morrow.'"

Just at that moment the door-bell rang, and a letter was brought in. It was from an aunt in Savannah, our mother's sister, asking that Amy might open to her, offering her a home, adding that she needed a dependent, as she could teach the children. We read the letter from beginning to end, then looked at each other, and read it over again. She urged Amy's coming in at once, with a merchant from Savannah who was in New York, and would send us word what day he would leave.

"I suppose she sent the money to pay travelling expenses," said I. "I must have dropped out when you opened the letter. Look on the floor for a fifty-dollar note, or check."

"We all feigned to look, though no allusion had been made to money."

"How did she expect Amy could get to New York, to say nothing of Savannah?" I asked. "She knows we have not a dollar."

"I don't think she does know it," said Margaret.

"Didn't you write to her that father left nothing, and what does nothing mean? Isn't the word plain enough? Add nothing to nothing and what does it make? Take nothing from nothing and how much does it leave?" asked I.

"I suppose she didn't take me literally," said Margaret.

She thinks nothing means not quite so much as would be convenient," said I; "but never mind, Amy couldn't go at any rate."

"Mr. Everton would not give his consent," said Nat.

"I wish, Nat, you would never couple my name and Mr. Everton's again," said Amy, with flushed face.

"I won't if it vexes you," said Nat, "but I don't see why it should. I think Mr. Everton is a good-hearted clever fellow, and rich withal, and would make you as happy as a queen if you could only love him. Think what a capital brother-in-law he would make. Who knows but he might set me up in business, and put me in the way of making my fortune? I know I could make my fortune, if I should once get a start, though father used to say no one of the name of Gordon could ever make money. But to return to Mr. Everton, Amy, don't you think you could love him?"

"No," replied Amy, "never."

"And I would rather see her dead than Frank Everton's wife," said I; "money will not buy happiness, though it may friends."

"I think I would give up some of my romantic dreams," said Amy thoughtfully. "I think I would almost be content with happiness, if I had the power to make others happy."

"And that you can do," said Margaret, "without a sacrifice of your young dreams, by living with us, and being one of us."

"I guess it will be the fate of all of us," said I, "if we marry at all, to marry poverty; but we won't worry about that beforehand. It will not do for us to stay here idle any longer. Tomorrow you, Margaret, must go and see Squire Brown, and if he will let us keep the house, we will all set to work, and help to pay off the mortgage. I will write to Uncle John, and ask him to lend me money enough to take me to New York. I shan't need much of a fit-out in my capacity. Who knows what interesting scenes and adventures I may find for my tales and sketches; I will drop the name of Gordon, and take my middle name, Walker. I will say I am just from the country, have never lived out before, and am willing to make myself generally useful."

"And where will you stay while you are looking for a place?" asked Margaret.

"Have you forgotten that our old name was a mechanic, and lives in New York? I can turn her address, and stay with her. Now listen to my plan. I shan't be in a family where there are grown-up daughters, and one only son. An invalid child requires constant care, and I am appointed nurse and governess. I have all sorts of secrets of high-life from having the young ladies talk. The young man, who is very kind of a little sister, spends a great deal of his time in the nursery—evidently perceptive I am not what I seemed to be—engaged me in frequent conversations. By and by

I discover he is fascinated with me; it does not trouble my conscience, because I know I am as good as he is, my father having been a physician, and a man of education, and his a retired tailor. When he says anything tender, I am careful to remind him of the difference of our positions, which I do with a quiet dignity that only increases his respect. I determine if he loves me enough to brave the opinion of the world, I will permit myself to return his passion; but if he proves to be a coward, I will let him suffer as he deserves. When he gets to that point, that he is ready to relinquish every worldly consideration for my sake, I will make known my true position. His mother and sisters, terribly outraged at first, but when they find it is no use fretting, since he will have his own way, resolve to make a little romance of it, and yield gracefully to what they cannot help. I fall into the luxuries of wealth very naturally. My husband is proud of me, and for my sake loves all my family; but, to keep up the reputation of the Gordons in not being able to 'get on,' my husband falls after a few years, and dies, leaving me poor. So here you have my history, and you may call it a prophecy."

Reader, in its leading points it was a prophecy, and now I will proceed to tell the fortunes of the rest of my father's family.

Years had passed. Our family numbered the same as on the evening we were gathered together to unfold our various plans of 'getting on' in the world. I shall speak of my personal experience only so far as the development of the family history renders it necessary. Heaven knows it had not been as a look-on merely, standing aloof from the struggles and mischances of the rest, that I lived for a few years in luxury and elegance. They were, it is true, the golden years of my life, but that which constituted their glory and happiness was my ability to help those I loved. My husband's heart was open as his purse to the wants of my kindred. They were happy, happy years, but they were few in number, and I returned to my native town a widow and poor, to share with the others the labors I could no longer relieve. My brother, through the generosity of my husband, had been established for some time in business for himself in New York.

"Nat has not a business faculty," he used to say; "he is not exact, calculating, sharp at a bargain, does not know how to cheat, is too generous to take any advantage in a business-calculation, does not appreciate the value of money, and although he has qualities of mind and heart a thousandfold more worthy of a man, he cannot live by this in the scrambling world, where to get along one must have an eye to the main chance. But for your sake, dear wife, as well as for his own, he shall not suffer for lack of worldly-wisdom. While I live, he shall never want a friend. I should love him for his generous devotion to his family if for nothing else. It is best to let him feel he must depend on his own exertions, for every man needs that incentive, but he shall never find himself in straits, if I have means to keep him out."

Could I help loving the generous being who when he married me, embraced all those I loved with his whole sympathies? Loving him, did I say? It is a cold word; I almost worshipped him, God forgive me.

It is a very common maxim of the world, that when a man marries a wife, he is not expected to marry her whole family. No; but if a man truly, honorably, manfully loves his wife, he will love those whom she loves, and to whom she is bound by ties of blood and duty, and for her sake he will enlarge his capacity for loving infinitely to embrace those dear to her, let her pause ere she give herself to him. Bitter pains, unexpressed disappointments await her, for a heart whose sympathies are not extended by true conjugal love to its inherent narrow to satisfy a generous woman's nature. Such was not the love that bound my husband to me, and every kind word, every generous token of that love for those dear to me knit us more and more closely together. I pity the wife who dares not speak to her husband of those holy sympathies that make the family sorrows her sorrows, the family joys her joys. While my husband lived he was one of us, when he died we were all bereft together. I went home to share with them a grief I knew they not only comprehended, but felt with me. We could talk of him to gether, recount his generous deeds, his pleasant ways, and O! it was such a comfort to feel that they could sense my loss, by their appreciation of the value of what I had once enjoyed.

I will only mention here, that one of those sudden reverses of fortune, to which all business-men are liable, deprived us of the greater part of our fortune.

Had my husband lived, he would undoubtedly have struggled out of his embarrassments, but he was seized with cholera when away from home, and died after a few hours' illness. I wonder I am here to tell it, I wonder the suddenness of the blow did not kill me. Often in the first agony of my grief, I murmured at Providence that I could not die, but now I am able to thank God that I am spared to those who need me, and to my son, in whom I am to see again the image of my noble husband.

The three years preceding our reverses, my husband and myself spent abroad. His death occurred but a short time after our return.

I found Margaret alone in the old homestead. Amy had been married a year to Mr. Everton. Nat, as I have said, was in business at New York. I had supposed him doing well, since he had asked no assistance from my husband. I learned from Margaret that he was not 'getting on.' He had been for some time engaged to a beautiful young girl, but was unwilling to marry, until his prospective wife was more encouraging.

"The disappointment is still harder to bear," said Margaret, "as the young lady is very unhappy situated. I have been tempted many times to advise him to marry, thinking that with economy they may be able to get on together. But I dare not counsel him to take such a step. I know that poverty, of itself, is but a small evil. Brave and loving hearts can be happy with little, but who can count upon health, and sickness involves such a host of expense. Nat could not see his wife suffer, and if one debt should have been in his merciless grip, what a train of miseries it would entail upon them. When I think of our poor father's struggles under the weight of pecuniary embarrassments, and the cloud of despondency that darkened his last days, I dare not advise Nat to involve himself with family-care. He might fall where everybody else would succeed, for sometimes I think there is a curse on our family. I don't know where the fault lies, or even what it is."

"We all work hard enough, but nothing seems to prosper that we undertake, and it will take another generation to find its way out of the fog in which we all seem to be groping. I don't care for myself, but when I think of Amy, of Nat, and you, Jane, I get so discouraged, I wish we could all lie down and die together."

"But Amy—at least is exempt from the annoyances of poverty, Mr. Everton is rich."

"O! said Margaret with a deep sigh, "you have touched the sorest spot of all. You once said, 'Riches cannot buy happiness.' Amy is a poor heart-broken creature. You will see her, you will see for yourself that something is preying on her life, but neither you nor I can help her, we cannot even speak to her of our

anxieties or our fears. Jane, Amy is dying, and I have felt glad to believe that her sorrow, whatever it may be, and I think I know what it is, will soon be laid at rest forever."

"You think she does not love her husband, why then did she marry him?"

"Don't ask me, it seems all like a dream; the day she came to me with the announcement that she was engaged to Mr. Everton, I questioned her closely. I tried to probe her feelings; she had schooled herself to appear happy, and I was deceived. She had resolved upon this sacrifice for our sakes, and in the momentary enthusiasm of that resolve, had deceived herself. I ask myself a thousand times, how I could have permitted it. At the time my own mind was distracted with its own selfish sorrows, and I saw nothing in its true proportions."

"Is he kind to her," I asked with trembling earnestness, "does he love her?"

"He has gained his object," said Margaret sadly.

"But is he kind to her," I repeated.

"Alas! Jane, I do not know, I see them but seldom."

"And why?"

"He will not permit her to continue her family inheritance. His mother, his sisters surround her; she seldom comes here, and I seldom see her alone in her own home. 'You know I love you all, Margaret,' she said to me the last time she was here, 'and for my sake don't question me with regard to what may appear unaccountable to you. It excites me too much to talk now, but when my baby is born, if I live I will try and get more strength of mind.'"

"You ought to go and see her," I said, "your promise to our father was never to desert his child."

"I know it," said Margaret, "but I must keep away from her if I go there adds to the unhappiness of her life. We are a blighted family."

"No, Margaret," said I, "none of God's children are cursed; let us keep our faith in Him to the end, whatever happens."

"It is no wonder that we break down sometimes," said Margaret, "and I feel at this moment, that those are to be envied whose strength gives out first."

"You are too sad," I said, "you are not like yourself."

"I know it," she replied, "I am changed."

"You will rally again, by and by," I said, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I hope I shall," she answered. "I hope, if there is anything to be done, I shall find strength to do it; if not, I care not how soon the end comes to me."

"Margaret," I said, hoping to turn her thoughts into another channel, "I have not asked about Gilbert Harrison. You will have no secrets from me?"

"What the world knows you could not long be ignorant of, Gilbert is married."

"Gilbert married?" I exclaimed; I could say no more.

"You wish to ask me all about it, I know, Jane," said she, "I will spare you the trouble, and tell you the whole story. Of course no confession of a woman can be so galling as that of an unrequited attachment. I could be weak, and lay my head upon your bosom, and cry like a child, and I am afraid your sympathy will make me so. Don't pity me too much. I could have borne the lifelong sorrow of losing him by death, believing in his love, and truth; but the luxury of such a grief is denied me, he lives for another, and is only dead to me. After long years, he has discovered that what he supposed was love, was only a tender friendship for me, and that another had stirred depths in his heart never fathomed before. I cannot be too thankful that the discovery was made before the happiness of both of us was sacrificed. To have had those depths stirred after it was too late, would have been an irreparable trial for both of us. That in me which first captivated his fancy faded even before it had time to bloom. No matter; I try my best to explain the change in his feelings to his advantage, for it does not make me happier to blame him; I have tried and failed. I ought not to think of him now, yet I cannot by any effort of will, by any conviction of duty, or any amount of self-discipline help thinking of him. Perhaps time will make it easier, and the habit of thinking of others will help me little by little to annihilate all selfish regrets. God knows I hope so. He is not here, I am spared at least that anguish. I could not comfort myself to see day by day the object of his love, without indulging feelings unworthy of me, and unjust to her. I heard that a little child was born to them; I never asked if the rumor was true or false; I cannot play the hypocrite, and I should love the mother of Gilbert's child better a great way off, than near. I wish her all happiness, but I am not Christian enough to bear to see it without envy, and now, darling, that you know all my history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave heart like yours. The world is full of aching hearts, I know, and if I have come to the conclusion that happiness is not the destiny of human beings here, I do not speak of it in a rebellious or complaining spirit. I believe it is all right, and I can wait for the mystery of life to be cleared up. Perhaps our experience is not peculiar. We don't know what grim skeletons are kept out of sight, where all is outwardly joyous, and some people if they cannot hide their skeletons, dress them up in such a manner that a casual observer is quite deceived with regard to them. We can cheat ourselves. I don't care to do either. I mean to look boldly and bravely full in the face of any trouble that may come to me. Perhaps if I get familiar with its aspect, I shall find that it is, as Longfellow says, a 'celestial benediction,' assuming that dark disguise."

What could I do but fold her to my bosom, and imprint on her pale cheek a sister's kiss of sympathy? What could I say to comfort and support her? I knew that the conclusions she had wrought out in the loneliness of her own soul, were the teachings of a higher truth than I could frame. If anything isolates the heart from human help, it is the working of the strong passions of our nature, that lie too deep for even the eye of a friend to fathom. He who brought the Divine life to the encounter of human infirmities, 'trod the wine-press alone,' and so must we.

There are certain proclivities, rooted in the very foundation of our being, which however they may be suppressed or diverted from their aim by the disappointing circumstances of external life, can never be annihilated. They constitute that individuality which makes a man himself, and not another.

In an unguarded moment, when the heart is warmed into communicativeness by the mesmeric influence of reciprocal sympathy, have we not listened to confessions, so at variance with the ordinary manifestations of character, that from the moment of their utterance, the individual is revealed in a new light to us? We never think of him, he never even looks to us the same as before, yet that which was brought to view, was nothing new, but the real man stripped of conventional or potential disguises.

And the circumlocution brings me back again to the epistolical point from which I started. I never went on the stage—I never had, and probably never shall, have a career; but the longings of my youth have not been, cannot be, extinguished. Nor have I lost my youthful enthusiasm, old as I am—matter of fact as I am in my duties in life, in imagination I tread the boards—emancipated and characters, filling them with that

feror of passion which the discipline of life has modified and subdued, but not exterminated. And I am happy in so doing. If anybody will offer any reason why I should not be, I am willing to listen, though it is probable I shall not, at this time of life, change either my habits or my principles.

I began this story with the assertion that "the elements of success are born with some people, and they cannot help getting on," and I have brought up the fortunes, or rather misfortunes of our family, as a proof of the truth of this assertion. It is not probable that the future will bring to light any of the missing elements, and, in fact, we are now so grounded in our own persuasions, that it would be at some risk to our mental balance, if anything like good fortune should overtake us.

The saddest event that occurred after my return home, was the death of our sister Amy. She was not made for the battle of life, and had overestimated her capacity of self-sacrifice and endurance. When she learned that her ability to help us was only a mockery of her will and her affections, she sank under the disappointment. Mr. Everton wanted a beautiful woman at the head of his establishment, he did not need a wife. His vanity was gratified to deck the lovely image with costly draperies of wealth, but these were all he had to give. He did not see that her soul was starving

